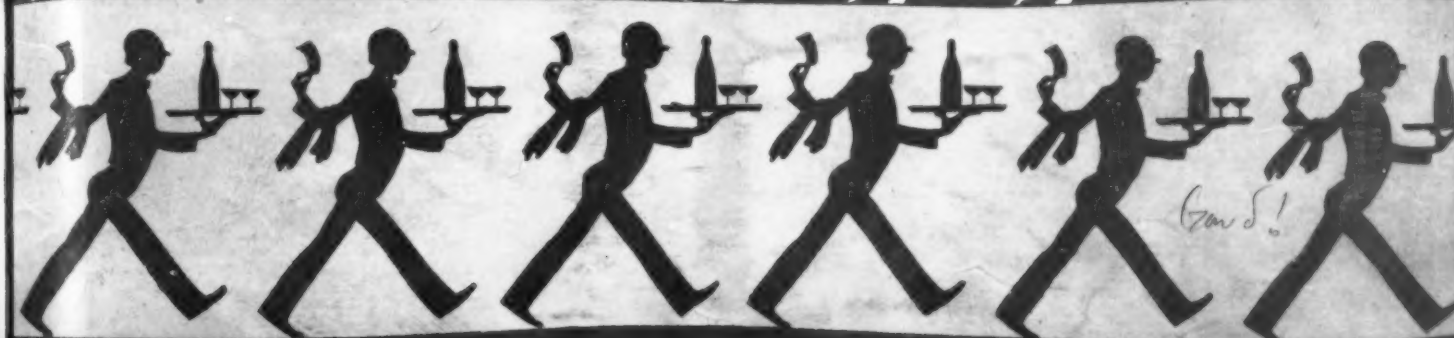


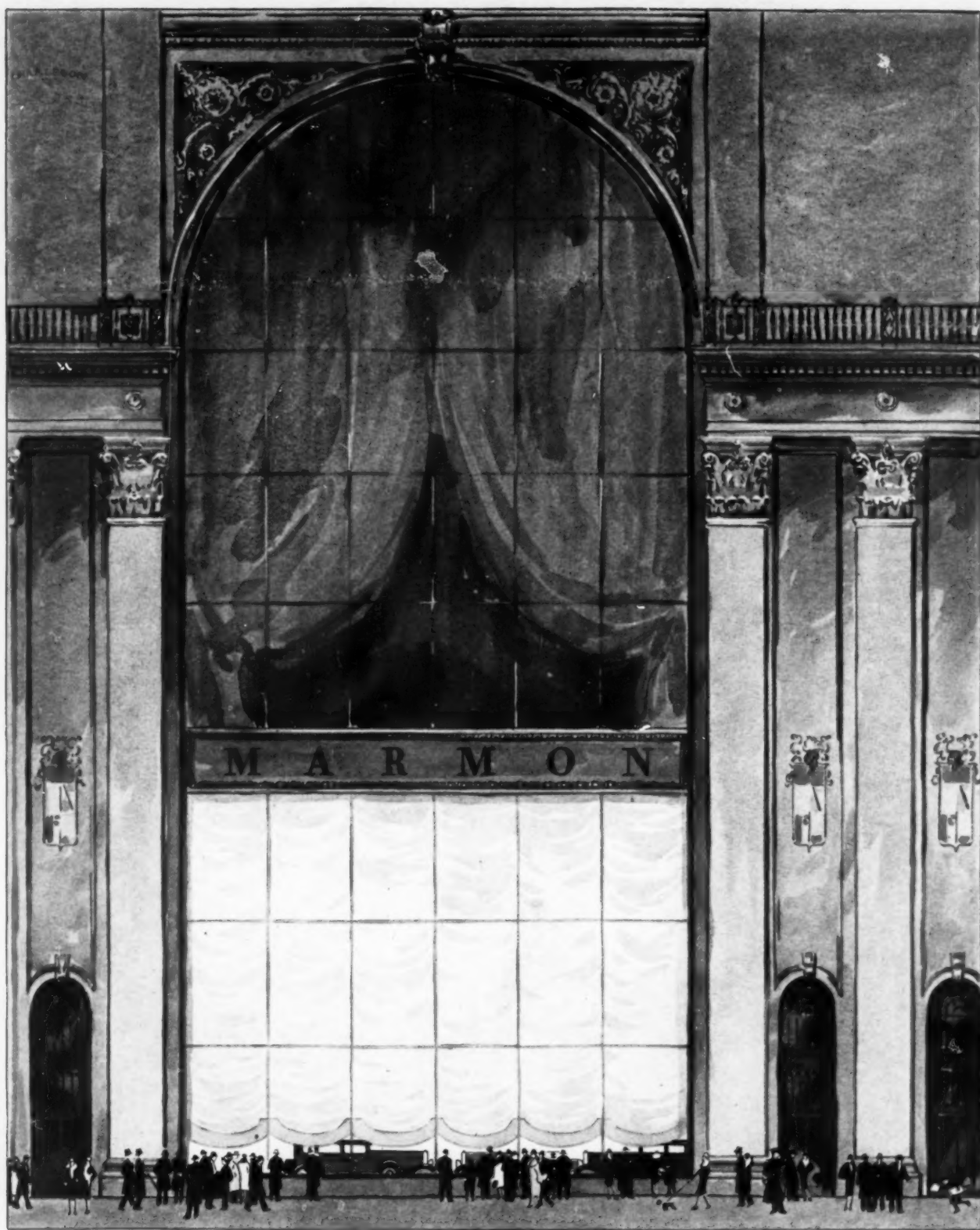
Life

January 5, 1928

Price 15 cents

BROADWAY
NUMBER





Marmon presents this month two new and extraordinary lines of straight-eights—the "68" and the "78," at \$1395 and \$1895 — These new cars will be on view at all leading automobile shows — Straight-eight performance plus real distinction and charm at moderate cost — Prices, f. o. b. Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

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Durability, Performance, Economy, Permanent Quiet and Simplicity are the points the car salesman makes when he says "Timken Bearings".

The importance of those words is clear when you realize that it is the bearings which are finally responsible for carrying all the motion.

Timkens are the bearings which take most wear out of motion because they take out not only the threat of friction, but the threat of side-thrust, shock, weight and speed.

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**



Two DETROITS would fit into "DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres

BEFORE Detroit started to make motorcars, Dunlop had founded the pneumatic tire industry.

Thanks to the automobile, both Detroit and "Dunlop City" have grown tremendously.

Now Detroit reaches out over 52,686 acres, while "Dunlop City" covers over 100,000 acres.

And even greater than the size of "Dunlop City," is Dunlop's

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Supreme quality made possible Dunlop's great size. In turn, Dunlop's great size makes possible this same supreme quality, at lower prices than ever.

You can expect *more* of Dunlops.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



DUNLOP

26 MILLION NOW RUNNING

Life



"Would you love me, Toodles, even if I were poor?"
 "Oh, don't be irritating, darling. If you were poor I wouldn't have met you."

Two Jazz Lyric Writers Have a Chat

"HELLO there, Jack, old boy! Mighty glad to see you back, old boy!"

"Hello, George! Gee, it's great to be home again, never to roam again. Skies were gray, while-I was away, but since I park, park, parked my pack in my little old Park, Park Avenue shack, I'm feeling happy and gay."

"Have you seen your little gal, your one and only pal?"

"Have I! Just step a little closer this way and listen to what I have to say. I took her in my arms again, felt her tender charms again. I sure did miss the bliss of her kiss while I was out in Detroit."

"She was blue and

broken-hearted the day that you departed."

"Yeah, so she told me. But since her lovin' papa came a-knockin' at

the door, she's got nothin' to do with the blues no more."

"Well, so long, old pal. Got a little date for half-past eight. Have to hurry along, scurry along, 'cause she's a fast-steppin' maana and she can't wait."

"So long, old pal, see you again, providing you don't run away with..."

TOGETHER: My { Best
 Your {
 ...Gal...

Nathaniel Fein.



The Companionate Flask

Competition

"WHAT shall we do to-night? Shall we go to the Cathedral of the Motion Picture?"

"No, I think there's a better picture this week in one of the Cinemasgogues."



THEATRE USHER (*remonstrating with uproarious patron*): You'll have to stop it, sir. You can't use such language in this theatre—that is, except from the stage.

How to Know New York

READ *Variety*, the *Billboard*, *Zit's*, the *Morning Telegraph*; read all the tabloids and all the electric signboards; read the *New Yorker*; read the columns of F.P.A., S. J. Kaufman, Karl Kitchen, Frank Sullivan, Robert Garland, Russel Crouse, Mark Hellinger, and O. O. McIntyre; read the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*; read the *New Masses*, *Women's Wear*, and the official organ of the N. V. A.; read the Help Wanted columns, and the regular Monday page of sermons in the leading newspapers; read the *Daily Jewish Forward*; read the telephone directory.

Visit the Astor Hotel, the Algon-

quin, the Sherry-Netherland, the Brevoort, the Allerton, the Martha Washington, the Mills; visit Macy's, the Woolworth tower, the Tomb, the Public Library, Childs' on Fifth Avenue and on Columbus Circle, the Aquarium, the Automat, Reuben's; visit the speakeasies on Tenth Avenue and on Fifth Avenue; visit the employment agencies and the casting

agencies; visit Texas Guinan's club and Barney Gallant's and Small's Harlem club; visit Ellis Island and Long Island; visit the Bronx; visit at least ten cloak-and-suit factories, five Kosher restaurants, five burlesque shows, and fifty churches of various denominations; visit—keep on visiting everywhere.

Talk to Mayor Walker, George M. Cohan, Otto Kahn, Theodore Dreiser, John Roach Straton, Mae West, Nicholas Murray Butler, Gene Tunney, David Belasco, Grover Whalen, Miss Anne Morgan, Charles Levine, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Roxy, Al Smith, Paul Robeson, Mr. Browning, John S. Sumner, Irving Berlin, George Jean Nathan, Bernarr Macfadden, Alexander Woolcott, Max Steuer, Nathalia Crane, William Randolph Hearst, Frisco, Mr. Zero; talk to one hundred chorus girls, one hundred taxicab drivers, several thousand salesgirls, artists' models, traffic cops, stock-brokers, buck-and-wing dancers, interior decorators, clubmen, subway guards, chiropractors, gangsters, song-pluggers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, head-waiters, animal trainers, advertising experts, ticket scalpers; talk to the head usher at the Cathedral of the Motion Picture; talk to Swami Ramayana; talk to the man who conducts the out-of-town-newspaper stand in front of the Times Building; talk to Lew Ney, the Mayor of Greenwich Village; talk to Mr. Campbell, the funeral director who supervised the obsequies of Rudolph Valentino.

Live in New York two hundred years.

Tupper Greenwald.
(Who lives in Cincinnati, O.)



"Now Is the Time for All Good Men to Come to the Aid of the Party."



The Trained Seal Comes Back from the Big City

Home Training Disguised

"A DANCER spun round on her toe thirty-eight times—of all the useless stunts!"

"Oh, I don't know. It would come in handy if she ever had to get the dinner in a kitchenette."



NURSE (to vaudeville agent): Sir, your wife has presented you with twin girls.

VAUDEVILLE AGENT: Hurray! At last, a Sister Act!

I Sing the Grouch

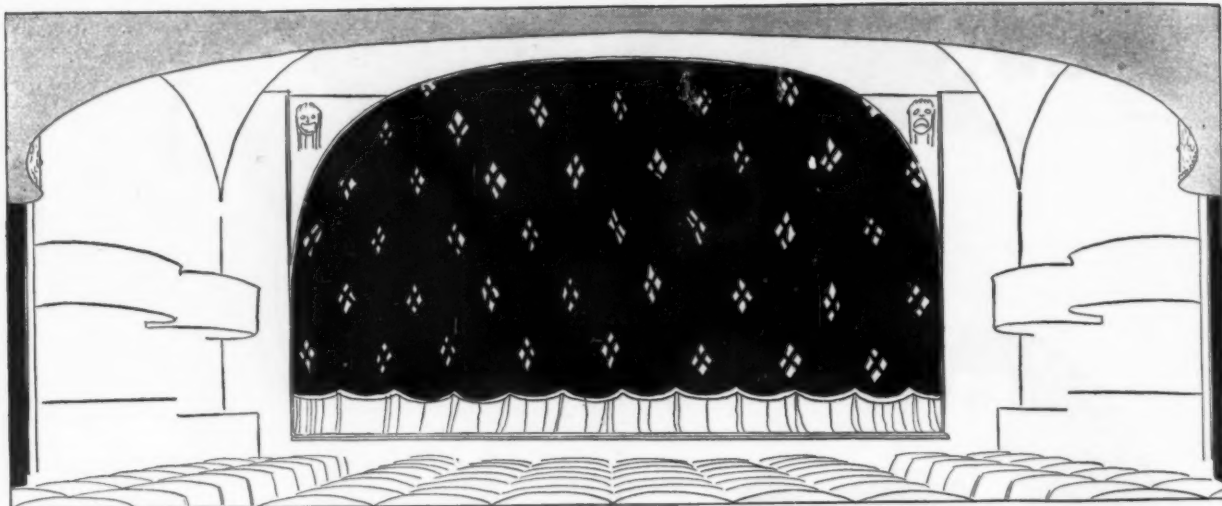
OH, I always will vouch for the man with a grouch,
And I never will flout him or snicker!
With a chuckle I'll meet every sore-headed bleat
From the chronic and querulous kicker.
Let him storm, let him swear, let him tear out his hair,
Let him rage in a passion terrific—
I shall never wax sore, and his resonant roar
I shall greet with a grin beatific.

Though the optimists help, it's the man with The Yelp,
Or the grumbler whose outbursts are hateful,
Who is helping me live and buy gas, for the fliv,
So, of course, to the grouches I'm grateful.
Gentle reader or friend, as you come to the end
Of my song don't regard me with pity—
I'm not one of the saints—I just handle complaints
For a prominent store in this city.

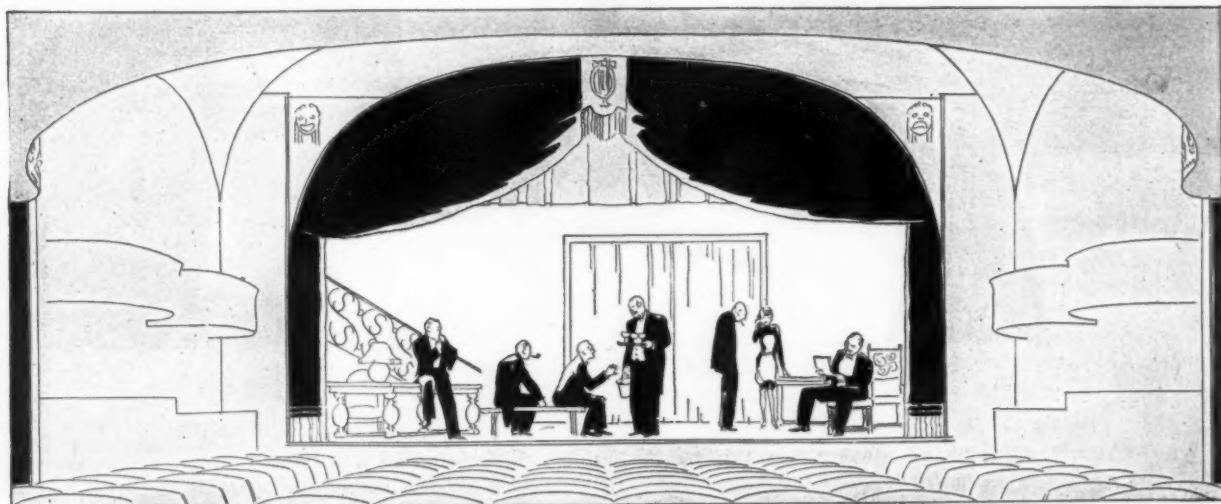
Arthur L. Lippmann.

Disabused

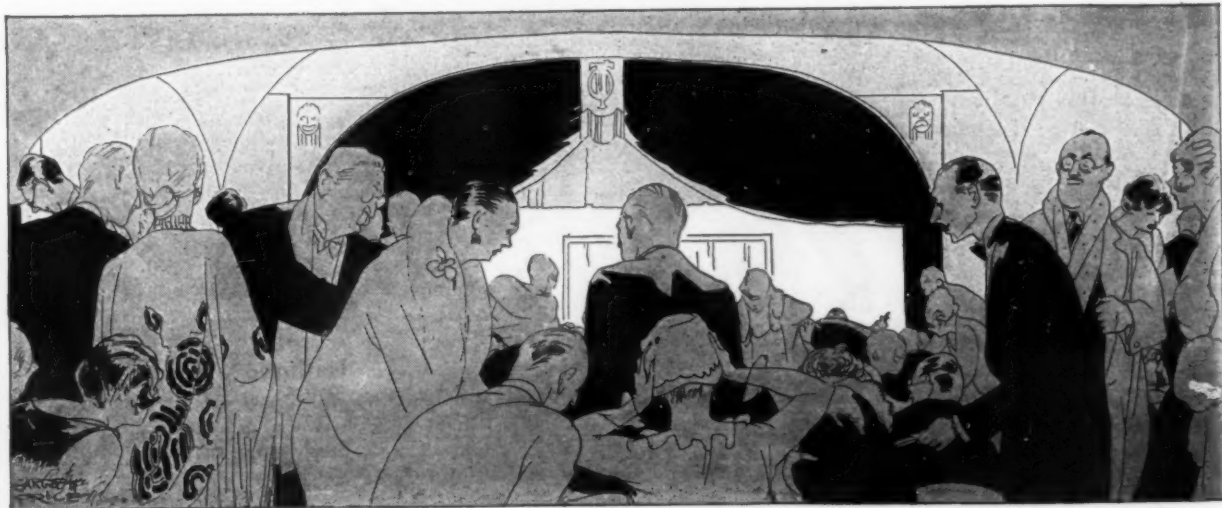
"GOSH," moaned the fellow who arose groggily from the divan with a badly damaged eye and three teeth missing, "the modern flapper is not what she's wisecracked up to be!"



8:30 P. M. — Play Should Start



8:45 P. M. — Play Actually Starts



9:00 P. M. — Audience Arrives

Travail of Two Tired Press Agents Trying to Build Up a New One

"SHE'S dead as a stuffed owl, but she keeps on breathin'—"

"It ain't her fault: she always was slow on the uptake. Kind-hearted girl, though. She says to me, 'If you boys don't pull somethin' inside of a week you can look for a job pushin' somethin'.'"

"Yeah. Soft-hearted as a front axle. Reasonable, though. All she expects is the impossible. Who wants to read about that baby when there's plenty of stock-yard reports?"

"Gimme one of your Turkish mile-stones an' a match— . . . How about blowin' up the Brooklyn Bridge in the rush hour? They need a new one anyway—"

"How you goin' to tie her up with that? She can't even blow up a high note!"

"Search me, unless we handcuffed her to it just before it went off—"

"I'd like that too, but it's one of those swell dreams that never come true. Suppose we have somebody send her an elephant through the mail?"

"Don't be dumb, leave that to her. How about gettin' her engaged to somebody?"

"Too dangerous. The last time she wanted to marry the feller. He was after me with a bottle of prussic acid."

"It tasted like prussic acid maybe. That's the fusel oil."

"I don't know what I'd do without you. You're so clever."

"It's the truth that hurts— Say—why not have her jewels disappear?"

"Great! It's a whale of an idea, except that I didn't know she had any jewels only her five children—"

"You like the idea, huh?"

"Sure thing. We can plant 'em right in her hotel an' they can be found by some bird that'll turn out to be a Count."

"Say, wait a minute—I got an idea, better than the jewels. We'll have her robbed of her new \$38,000 mink coat."

"She ain't got a mink coat."

"We could rent one to fit her."

"No, we couldn't—they ain't that many minks."

Heman Fay, Jr.



The Acid Test

"Why, Father! What makes you think he's a bogus count?"
"He drank that cocktail I made without batting an eye—nobody but an American can do that."

A WOMAN'S idea of a fifty-fifty split is for her husband to give her half the money and then pay all the bills.

Quick on the Draw

THE hotel clerk glanced at the register and beamed at the guest who had just signed it.

"How are you, Mr. Perkins? From Chicago, eh? Well..."

"Yes, I'm from Chicago," snapped Mr. Perkins. "No, I left my bullet-proof vest at home. Yes, I've a couple of machine guns in my traveling bag. No, I didn't bring the heavy artillery with me. Yes, any man's lucky to live in Chicago. No, I didn't drive to the station in an armored taxicab. Yes, I heard that one about Mayor Thompson and the English muffins. And now that I've saved you the trouble of asking all these questions, will you show me to a room?"

Chet Johnson.



SHE: What is the name of this piece?

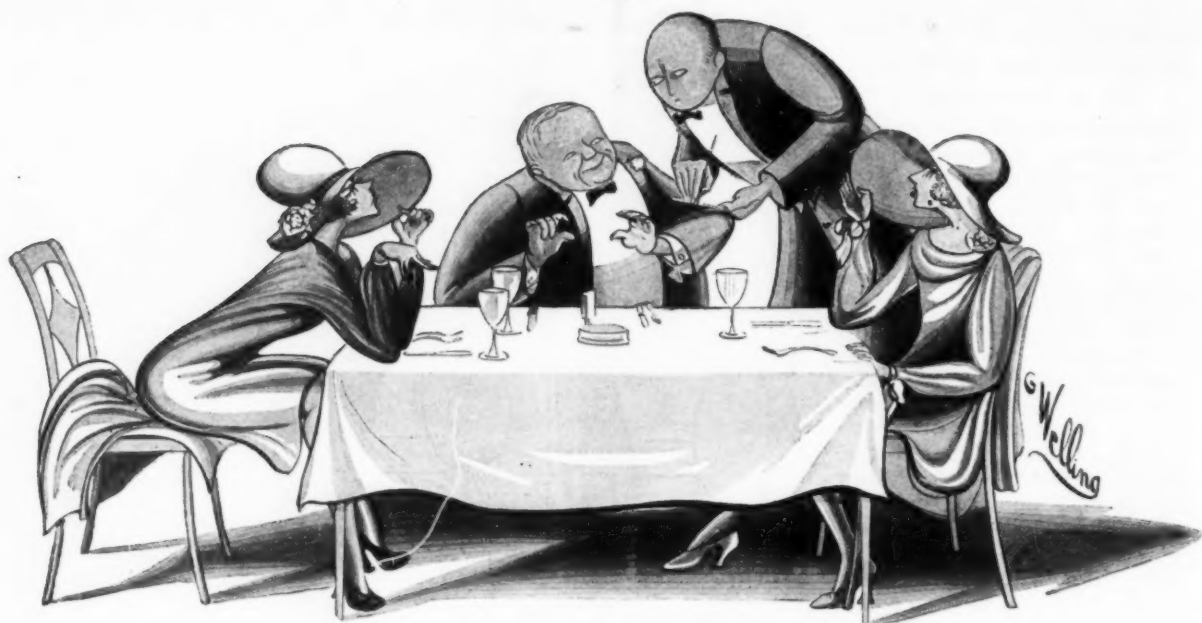
HE: Why do you ask?

SHE: I want to be sure not to get it for the victrola.

TAXICAB DRIVER (testifying in breach-of-promise suit): They only kissed once, but it was a long kiss.

LAWYER: Did you time it?

TAXICAB DRIVER: Yes, sir—it was \$2.50 by the meter.



"But, Gracie, I thought you had your birthday months ago."
 "For the love of Mike, shut up, can't you?"

A Glossary of Broadway Slang

AZZLE. To mess up. As "He azzled the act."

Bargling It. Cooking over a gas jet in a rooming house.

Blowing the Triangle. Playing exclusively to the upper left box (the traditional spot in which managers catch an act). Probably intends some meaning of futility.

Bronson. A bronson is anybody in a fur coat and spats.

Circassian. Anybody who doesn't quite belong. A freak.

Crumpet. An English actor.

Cutting a Melon. Stepping out with the heavy sugar.

Drooling. Putting over a song of the Mammy variety. "He's the best drooler in the business."

Drowning the Duck. Doing the same thing over again for an encore.

Easel Money. Income derived from posing for photographs.

Fladding. Using somebody else's charge account.

Grabbing the Gronk. Leaving a partner (or husband, or wife) flat.

Holocaust. A hot hit; a wow; an intensely successful production.

Horse Tail. A man that plays only parts involving long whiskers. A flop.

Iodine. Anything told to you for your own good. Adverse criticism given in a friendly way.

Lozenge-Lizard. A tenor or any singer constantly fussing over his vocal cords.

Lurid. Un-subtle. "My dear, the way she makes up to the stage director is positively lurid!" (Possibly confused with lewd.)



AN OLD LADY FROM DUBUQUE: It's just as I thought, Ezra. That actress has been using cosmetics!

Mashing. Taking a fall for the sake of a laugh.

Mizzle. A character comedian with Shakespearean experience. Slightly derisive.

Nosing the Binge. Stealing the show from the leading lady. (Sometimes slightly varied.)

Orphan. A girl looking for a date.

Otter. A heavy drinker.

Otto Kahn. An Otto Kahn, or an Otto, is a free meal.

Parboiled. Too much make-up.

Riding Habit. Rehearsal clothes.

Rimming the Bidey. Watching an act from the wings. (Implies that the person so doing is sort of stuck on the person acting.)

Ronkonkoma. Hick. "Don't get Ronkonkoma, Gladys. Sit on the gentleman's lap."

Sigsbees. Midgets.

Smokehouse. A theatrical hotel.

Taskay-illay. Don't give your right telephone number or address. Generally used as a cry of warning. "Taskay-illay for that bozo."

Trap-drummer. A gentleman who is no gentleman.

Turnip. An acrobat.

Wheat-wrassling. Supporting oneself by honest labor.

Znooch. A sneak; a tale-bearer.

Henry William Hanemann.

All-America Travel Contest

Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:

First Prize - - - - - \$75.00

Three Second Prizes of \$25.00 each

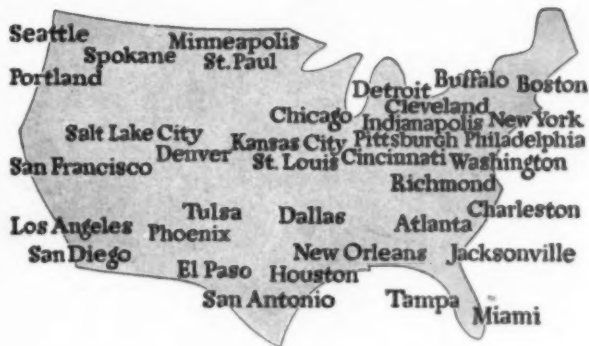
Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole:

First Prize - - - - - \$400.00

Second Prize - - - - - \$200.00

Third Prize - - - - - \$100.00



The Winning Answer to Kay's Second Letter

DEAR KAY,

I suppose you made a hit with the Harvard boys, but I trust you didn't try to tell them about Boston, for even they could have corrected some of the following mistakes:

1. The Pilgrim Fathers (capital F, not lower case) in the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth; not at Boston, which was not settled until about three years later by the Rev. William Blackstone.

(Continued on page 31)

PRIZE WINNERS (Kay's Second Letter)

First Prize of \$75.00—won by:
FREDERICK L. ALLEN, 111 Old Army Road, Scarsdale, New York.

Seven Second Prizes (four more than were offered) of \$25.00 each—won by:

ROSE G. BERESFORD, 909 Franklin Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

GRACE L. BUSHNELL, 1124 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois.

SARAH L. HADLEY, 227a Wiloughby Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

H. G. HODGKINS, Jones Law Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

MRS. KATHLEEN SEXTON HOLMES, 515 Williams Parkway, Denver, Colorado.

ALICE BROWN MACKAY, 550 West 158th Street, New York City.

M. CARLISLE MINOR, Danville, Kentucky.

THIS IS KAY'S SEVENTH LETTER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I've been to Hollywood and I'm too excited for words (almost), but before I tell you about it I must give you some idea of what I saw in San Francisco.

I wanted to get a close view of the Golden Gate so I went down to the Ferry Building (which faces squarely up to Market Street) and took the Oakland Ferry across to the Marin County shore. On the way, we passed Alcatraz Island and caught a glimpse of the State's Prison. The ferry is pretty slow, but they're planning a suspension bridge across the harbor to San Rafael. I also saw the Cliff House, which was built in the "Gay Nineties" and is described in that great humorous novel, "MacTigue," by Charles G. Norris. They have a troupe of trained seals on the beach in front of the Cliff House to amuse the guests.

Well, after leaving San Francisco, we flew over Monterey, Coronado and Santa Barbara and landed on a field between Hollywood and Culver City. In Culver City are the Metro-Goldwyn studio and the Pathe studio, where the Sennett comedies and the De Mille biblical dramas are made. The leading Metro-Goldwyn stars are John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Buster Keaton, Marion

Davies and Norma Talmadge. I saw there the remains of the gorgeous settings that Lon Chaney used in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

I then drove over to Hollywood, past the Fairbanks and Chaplin studios, which are right across the street from each other, and then on to the Montmartre Cafeteria on Sunset Boulevard. It's the most fascinating place at lunch time, because dozens of stars go there. I saw Tom Mix (who, like me, makes his living writing for LIFE), Gilda Gray in her studio make-up—and ever so many others. I thought I saw Gilbert Rowland, too, but it turned out to be one of the waiters.

On the way from Hollywood to Los Angeles I passed through Pasadena, where the famous Bush Gardens are located. Driving into the city you go through a tunnel under Telegraph Hill, and it is only four blocks from there to the Ambassador Hotel, where I'm stopping.

I'm just starting on a trip across the border to San Diego and Tia Juana.

Lovingly,

Kay

P. S.—The name Los Angeles, by the way, is Spanish and means "The City of Fallen Angels."



The Gay Nineties

January 1st in the Nineties was the official open season for Convivial Souls, and lucky was the Ale Fellow, Well Met, who could survive the day without being coerced into signing the pledge, which meant that for the following month or so he would have to use the Family Entrance instead of the familiar Swinging Doors and come home redolent with the odor of cloves.

Variety's Critic Reviews "Elmer Gantry"

THIS ought to be a panic. Name not too hot but it's sexy with a new twist, and Lewis's rep's a cinch to click with the brows. The plot is about a big prayer-and-sermon man who starts out playing the sticks till his act brodys. Then he picks up with a round-heeled gal who has a big time preaching road show. This doll has plenty of S.A. and they lay 'em out in the aisles till her church burns up and the dame gets bumped off. Gantry takes it on the lam in the fire and then shows up

as a hero. This kibitzer's ace-deuce line hooks him up with another big-time outfit. He always milked the audience with an act full of larceny but it held up the exits. Gantry two-timed his ball and chain and gave the others plenty of fast counts, but they never squawked. He was a heel, but the Bible-boosting game was a push-over, so he gave the peasants the works and ended up on the Main Stem with his own show. This book started like a smash and looks set for a run. *W. J. P., Jr.*

Broadway

FORTY-SECOND STREET and 7th Avenue....Everybody calls it Broadway....The Rialto Theatre....Hanging signs proclaim it "The House of Hits."...Look at the long line at the Paramount up the street....Sightseeing buses....See the Bowery....A lecture tour through Chinatown....Old women sitting in them....Making a living as decoys....The chap who is shouting that he's going to point out the historic places....Did you know he only arrived here from Portland last week?...See the old man selling the *Birth Control Review*....He does it during his spare time....Doing it for the wife and kiddies....

*"A million horns from motor cars,
A million lights that dim the
stars...."*

The Astor Hotel....Must have been nice when it was a big farm....More people live outside than in....That drug store diagonally opposite....Gray's....You know, there's where you buy theatre tickets at half-price....Best seats for all the "hits" in town....Isn't that a well-dressed man?...Tuxedo....High hat....He's got class....Sure has poise....Must be some big



SHE (on crowded subway train): I'm being crushed to death in this jam.
What can I do?

HE (a night club patron): Let's dance.

society fellow....Wait a moment and his shirt will light up, advertising a brand of cigar....

*"That's Broadway, Broadway,
Heart of the World..."*

Loew's New York Roof....Motion pictures continuous from 11 A. M. to 1 A. M....It's called the old men's club....They go there to sleep....Did you know it once had an elegant French name and housed the first Ziegfeld Follies?...

There's a nut embarrassing couples by trying to make the girl take a rose and make the fellow pay for it....Another Nedick thirst station.... Hungry, have a hot dog, too....Just like Coney Island....A shabby, fate-beaten old man....Once was a great architect and built many theatres....He now haunts the lobbies of those theatres....

*"A painted smile, a
hard-luck tale,
A helping hand—
they're all for
sale,
On Broadway,
Broadway...."*

A Lucky Strike display station....Try to edge your way near the window....The blonde is worth seeing....Better than most chorus girls....Don't have to pay \$5.50 either....The fight at Madison Square Garden round for round in the doorway of a sheet music shop....You can look at the picture postal cards also....Childs'.... See them tossing buckwheat cakes....This is their Broadway place....Only the best performers work here....No newcomers....The crowd is too large and critical....Newcomers always get stage fright....Another (Please turn to page 28)



"I Smell the Blood—"

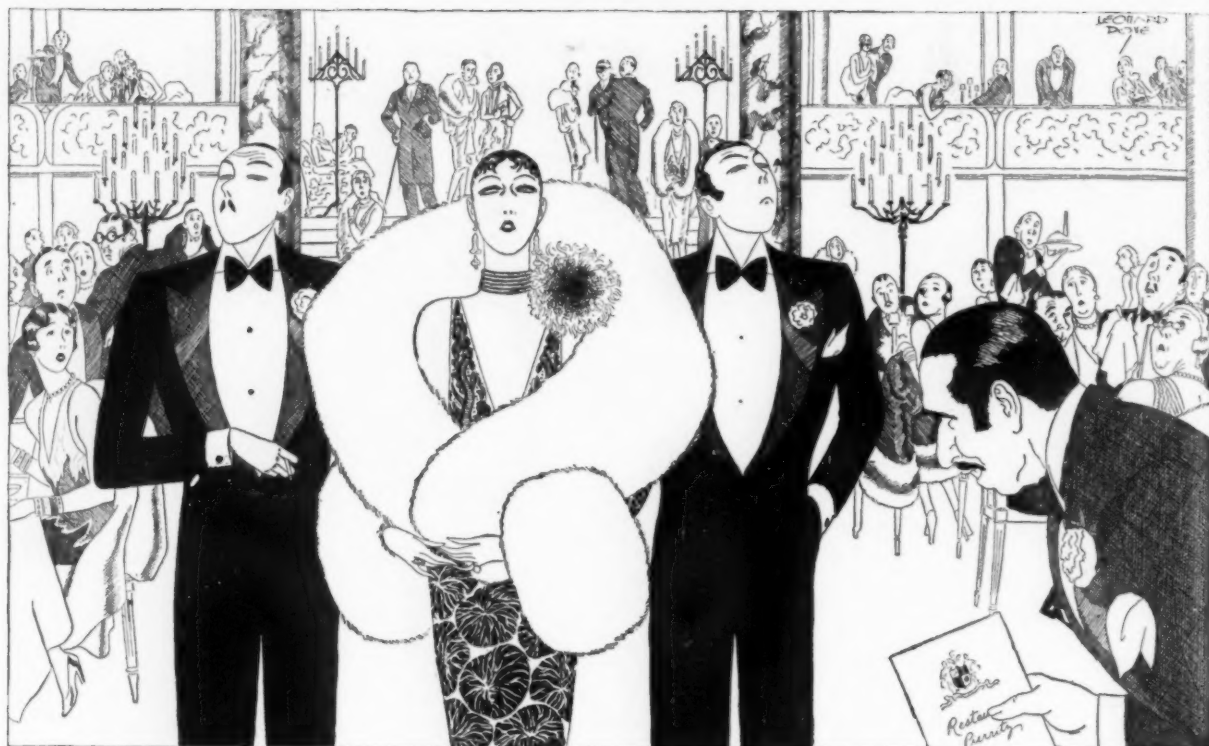
MOTHER: Now Jack had scarcely hid himself in the castle before a great voice boomed out, "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." And what do you suppose it was?

THE KIDDIES (in chorus): The Mayor of Chicago!



NORRIS: Say, I heard a good gag last night.

MORRIS: Fine. Let's write a show.



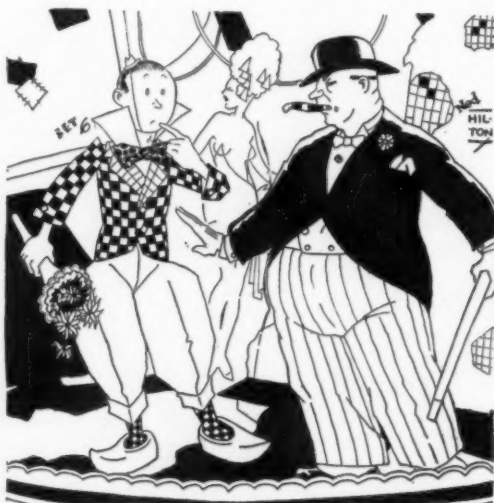
Mrs. Rensselaer Van Schenk, having publicly announced her desire for quiet and privacy after her soul-stirring, front-page divorce case, slips unobtrusively into the Restaurant Pierritz.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

December 12th Awake betimes, wishing, over my breakfast tray, that domestic servants could skin oranges as adroitly as it is done in publicks, and also that some kind of sausage meat could be assembled without including adamantine particles. Then up, and to the window to learn if the three busts which have lain outside the rear door of the art establishment in Forty-eighth Street for over a year were still there, and they were, to my delight, for as much as I have long coveted the splendid one of General Grant with the outstanding buttons on his uniform as a present for A. Dodds, who did once bring me from Spain a Madonna in the Andrea del Sarto manner done on a Turkish towel, so I did commission my servant Virgie to go over and bargain with the manager, thinking to pick up for a pittance what its owner had consigned to the

elements, but she returned with the doleful news that I might purchase the General for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, as he and Dante

and the lady looking like the mother of the Gracchi had been cast out for the purpose of becoming antiqued, so I did decide that a joke was a joke, and that this time it was on me. Not to mention the ultimate feckless buyer of the bust of a general, dead but some forty years, which had accumulated the apparent wear and tear of centuries. The afternoon gone in sorting our more recently acquired books, reading a little in an anonymously written one called "The Confessions of an Author's Wife," which did nought but make its hero out to be a conceited ass and strengthen my conviction that most writers of his ilk are dull and unsophisticated, and I could not but think how refreshing it would be to come across the confessions of a butcher's or a traffic policeman's wife. A light dinner this night of cream of spinach soup, stuffed peppers, cauliflower, etc., and so to Town Hall to (Please turn to page 30)



COMEDIAN: Why do you want me to cut that gag out? Don't you believe it's an original joke?

REVUE MANAGER: Certainly! In fact, I believe it's the original joke.

Moe and Joe on Broadway

"HELLO, Moe."
"Hello, Joe."

"Whatja doin' in New York? I'm seein' a lotta shows for Jesse Lasky."

"Louis Mayer ast me to hop East an' see if they was a picture in any o' these punk operas."

"Ain't they all drastic?"

"Boy! They're murder. You couldn't get a picture outta any of 'em with dynamite."

"I wouldn't give ya a Canadian dime fer this whole mug town."

"Yeh. They's more real life on Hollywood Boulevard than in this whole breakaway village."

"Yeh, it dies lousy."

"Yeh, it's a wash-out."

"Well, gimme a buzz over at the club when ya get back."

"Well, O. K. If I don't buzz you, buzz me."

"So long, Moe."

"So long, Joe."

Robert Lord.



The Foundation Man of the Balancing Eight Decides to Take a Bow.

Broadway Banter

FIRST TRAINED FLEA:

Would you consider a contract for a transcontinental tour?

SECOND TRAINED FLEA: Would I? Boy, I'd jump at it.

NECKING is an ancient pastime.

It is even said that Apollo dined with Diana on ambrosia, and nectar.



JANET: Did you ever kiss a girl before?

RALPH: I've forgotten.

JANET: I'll bet they have, too.

I'll Say This Much

I'LL say this much for 1927: it was a triumphant year for me so far as the keeping of some of my perennial New Year's resolutions was concerned.

I read at least one good book each week of the fifty-two.

I exercised at least fifteen minutes daily.

I did not fall in love with any blondes.

I bought no theatre or prizefight tickets at scalpers' prices.

I put no old razor blades on the medicine chest, nor did I drop any behind the bathroom radiator.

I purchased nothing on the installment plan.

I did not contribute to any doubtful charity campaigns.

I tipped no check-room girls.

I salved no ticket agents or porters for

locating berths for me in allegedly filled-up Pullmans.

I did not yield to any insurance agents, bond salesmen, stadium-fund solicitors, or barbers.

I did not drink a drop of bootleg liquor.

I heard at least one improving lecture each month.

If I continue my good behavior in 1928, the warden says he'll recommend me for a parole.

Tup.

The Futile Proposal

DOROTHY: Dad, Jack and I have gone together nearly two years. He has finally graduated from Yale and to-night he wants to have a long, serious talk with you.

HER FATHER: I'm sorry, Dot, but it won't do the young man any good. My mind is firmly made up. I've bought all the bonds I can afford this year.

"WHAT sort of show was that you went to last night?"

"It was a musical tragedy."



JANUARY 5, 1928

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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? WHY did Mr. Hearst publish in his newspapers the document which

represented that the Mexican Government provided about twelve hundred thousand dollars to bribe four Senators of the United States, to wit, Mr. Borah, Mr. Norris, Mr. La Follette and Mr. Heflin?

Mr. Hearst does not himself believe that these Senators were bribed; he said so in his testimony before the Reed Committee in Washington. Why then did he buy the documents? Why did he print them? Does he want to stir up as much trouble as possible with Mexico? Is it for that reason he has spent money for documents that throw suspicion on the conduct of the Mexican Government and given such documents the widest publicity he could? Is he just out to make mischief and circulate sensations?

It does not appear yet precisely what he is after. Neither is there any confidence that the documents that were published are genuine. But if he is out to get us in as bad a snarl with Mexico as is possible, able opposition to that purpose is being made by our present Ambassador to Mexico. The *World* says of Mr. Morrow that he has concerned himself not at all as yet with details of dispute between the United States and Mexico, but has done what he could to evoke the will to deal with them.

That is the important thing. If our Government and the Mexican Government have the will to agree, the details of agreement will arrange themselves. If they have a will to agree, they will see to it that mat-

ters in dispute are handled by men who are of a disposition to find a true basis of agreement.

In international negotiations the important thing almost always is to entrust the handling of matters in dispute to men who wish to agree about them and not to men who merely wish to dispute about them. The main trouble with the naval disarmament conference was that the men who represented the United States and Great Britain were not selected with due attention to their capacity to agree.

That capacity is well represented by Mr. Morrow. It is he, the *World* says, who produced the idea of having Lindbergh fly to Mexico. That was a message of good will well sent and, according to all accounts, was received with great enthusiasm.

The will to agree is what the nations want. They want it badly. It is the key to peace on earth.



IT seems to be needed in the Church of England. For twenty years the learned doctors of that Church have been struggling to adjust the prayer book to the present ideas of their clergy and members who have developed disparities of opinion on various details of faith and practice. The prayer book was laboriously fixed up in the hope that it would come near enough to suiting everybody to avert schisms in the Establishment. The Church Convocation accepted it; the House of Lords accepted it; but lo and behold, the House of Commons threw it down by a vote of 247 to 206!

The objections to the new prayer book seem mainly to be that it goes too far in the direction of Rome. The particular change that beat it in the Commons is reported to concern an item of Church practice known as the reservation of the sacrament. It is not necessary for us Americans to know very intimately about that point at present, but we may have to get it up in the course of the present year if Alfred Smith runs for President.

In another corner of the newspaper one reads that the kind of prayers that Bishop Manning arranges in the Morningside Cathedral scandalizes some of the brethren of the Church League and other anti-papery organizations of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Oh, well, common people who are concerned merely to put their souls in the way of a prosperous future will doubtless always find some likely way to go about it, no matter how much churchmen may dispute.



THE Woodrow Wilson Foundation proposes to devote fifty thousand dollars of its income to prizes for two essays on Mr. Wilson and his works. Fifty thousand dollars is still a respectable sum of money. Could it not be used to better advantage than to stimulate literary contemplation and advertisement of Mr. Wilson and his career?

The great existing monument to Mr. Wilson is the League of Nations, an organization to which at present the United States is somewhat niggardly both in approval and in pecuniary support. It pays nothing to keep it going. Possibly if the Wilson Foundation should contribute fifty thousand dollars a year to the expenses of the League it would serve Mr. Wilson's memory more substantially than by exciting essayists to write pieces about him. Mr. Baker's book has lately made him the subject of a great deal of gratuitous comment, much of it interesting, some of it valuable, but no American, so far as recalled, has contributed anything to the maintenance of his great monument, the League of Nations.

E. S. Martin.



The False Alarm



The Night Club



htClub Racket

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

L'Aiglon. *Cosmopolitan*—The Rostand play, with Michael Strange, George Marion and Effie Shannon. To be reviewed later.

American Laboratory Theatre. *East 54th St.*—In repertory which is better than most little-theatre repertories.

Behold the Bridegroom. *Curt*—With Judith Anderson and by George Kelly. To be reviewed later.

Caste. *Mansfield*—A dramatization of the Cosmo Hamilton novel, with Reginald Mason, Vivian Martin and others. To be reviewed next week.

Civic Repertory Theatre. *Fourteenth St.*—Eva Le Gallienne putting up a good fight for good drama at low prices.

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—Helen Hayes giving a superb performance in a poignantly tragic play of youthful dalliance.

Dracula. *Fulton*—Based on the cheery theory that some people don't really die but go about at night nipping neighbors' throats. A thought for the New Year.

An Enemy of the People. *Hampden's*—Without discontinuing his successful revival of Ibsen, Mr. Hampden is throwing in matinee performances of "Hamlet" now.

Escape. *Booth*—Galaworthy's account of the flight of an escaped convict and the people he meets. Leslie Howard plays the convict to perfection.

Four Walls. *John Golden*—A considerably sentimentalized story of an East Side gunman, with several excellent performances.

Interference. *Empire*—Good acting making a real, old-fashioned London love-melodrama seem fresh. A. E. Matthews is particularly helpful.

Irish Players. *Gallo*—Some of the finest acting in town and some of the finest plays.

The Ladder. *Belmont*—The seats to this are going to be free until it is satisfactorily "revised." So there is no need to hurry.

Mongolia. *Greenwich Village*—A melodrama. To be reviewed later.

Nightstick. *George M. Cohan*—One of the first crook melodramas in which the police are the heroes.

Paradise. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Porgy. *Republic*—Impressive production, with a Negro cast, and something to be seen.

The Prisoner. *Provincetown*—Not "La Prisonnière." To be reviewed later.

The Racket. *Ambassador*—Grade-A melodrama of Chicago cops and gorillas.

Sisters. *Klaw*—To be reviewed next week.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—Better than a real murder trial because there aren't so many lawyers.

Trigger. *Little*—Claiborne Foster making something new out of our old friend, the wild mountain girl.

What Do We Know? *Wallack's*—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Sometimes it just seems as if we couldn't stand it, not having this around.

And So to Bed. *Bijou*—Wallace Eddinger as Mr. Pepys in an amour which doesn't appear in the Diary.

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—A farce, with Grant Mitchell, which is slight but funny.

Banshee. *Daly's*—Comic melodrama.

Bless You, Sister! *Forrest*—With Alice Brady. To be reviewed next week.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Still the best in its own and several other classes.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—The story of a comic, his love affair and other troubles, told with a good deal of effectiveness.

Celebrity. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed later.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone in amorous skirmishes.

Excess Baggage. *Ritz*—With Miriam Hopkins and Eric Dressler. To be reviewed later.

Fallen Angels. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Noel Coward's London success, with Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood making one scene lively.

It Is to Laugh. *Eltinge*—A play by Fannie Hurst, with Edna Hibbard. To be reviewed later.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—Something nice for the holidays by A. A. Milne. Henry Hull is the King who goes into Never-Never Land.

Los Angeles. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

The Love Nest. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Marquise. *Biltmore*—Billie Burke in another trifle by Noel Coward.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—With Madge Kennedy. To be reviewed later.



"...and to-morrow night—'East Lynne.'"

Restless Women. *Morasco*—To be reviewed later.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Last week.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed later.

The Shannons. *Martin Beck*—Some good laughs, several lumps in the throat and the Gleasons.

Spring Song. *Bayes*—To be reviewed next week.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Garrick*—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis making Shakespeare enjoyable in modern dress.

Venus. *Masque*—With Cissie Loftus, Patricia Collinge and Tyrone Power. To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Good rowdy entertainment. Florence Moore, Jack Pearl, Jack Osterman and Ted Lewis.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—The Mark Twain book brought up-to-date, with swell music.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A dressy show, with Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw. Also a couple of good tunes.

Funny Face. *Alvin*—The Astaires, Victor Moore and William Kent in a whirlwind of dancing and Gershwin music.

Golden Dawn. *Hammerstein's*—Something really pretentious in the way of operettas.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—One of the snappiest shows in town.

Happy. *Earl Carroll*—Not so hot.

Harry Delmar's Revels. *Shubert*—Regulation revue which manages to maintain a pretty good average throughout. Frank Fay and Winnie Lightner.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Since April this has been proving that it is good entertainment.

Lovey Dovey. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed later.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—If you like Ed Wynn—and who doesn't?

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—Mr. Cohan himself is in this, which makes it a little different from the other ten thousand.

The Mikado. *Royale*—Your last chance to see Gilbert and Sullivan as it should be.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—Good Shubert singing in Shubert Civil War costumes.

She's My Baby. *Globe*—With Beatrice Lillie. To be reviewed later.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—To be reviewed later.

Sidewalks of New York. *Knickerbocker*—Ray Dooley in a dancing show.

Take the Air. *Waldorf*—A nice production with the highly comical Will Mahoney.

White Eagle. *Casino*—To be reviewed later.

Values

TABLOID EDITOR:
That's a whale of a good story. Write at least fifty words on it.



In German

WHEN we said a few weeks ago that, as an admirer of Herr Max Reinhardt, we were blind in only one eye, nobody asked us what we meant—so we shall have to tell without being asked. We had rather hoped to have some letters on it.

Very well, then: feverish as we are in our excitement over his handling of stage mobs, as, for example, in the titanic scenes in "Dantons Tod," we have come to the conclusion that, as a director of individual actors, he is just a ham. We timidly formed this opinion as long ago as the time we saw his production of "Juarez and Maximilian" (in German, "Jaurez und Maximilian") in his Josefstädter Theatre in Vienna, a production which was inferior in every way to the one later put on by our own Theatre Guild. But it was not until we saw Scene 2, Act II, of "Dantons Tod" that we were sure enough to advise our clients of the fact.



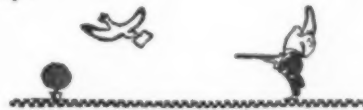
IN the second scene of Act II of "Dantons Tod" we see *Lacroix, Héroult Séchelles, Danton and Desmoulins* confined in the Conciergerie preparatory to going out tumbril-riding in the Bois. According to the program key, they are having "dark, defiant, melancholy dialogues." Dr. Reinhardt's idea of how four prisoners would deliver dark, defiant, melancholy dialogues is for them to line up like the Avon Comedy Four or the Yale College Quartette and, one by one, sell Liberty Bonds. If an American director had put on a scene like that and had allowed his actors to carry on as Herren Wallburg, Thimig (*Hermann und Hans*) and Hartmann carried on, he would have been kidded into insensibility.

It is all very well to say that this is the Continental tradition, that the play is a roaring *Schauspiel* in which Nature is arranged for the brasses and cymbals, and that the Century Theatre is a big house. The fact remains that it is ham acting and ham direction, and that goes for most of the other scenes in "Dantons Tod," with the exception of those magnificent groupings in which Reinhardt's genius comes into its own and several dozen *Turnvereine* are handled as one man—or, even more remarkable, as several hundred men.



THE Four Marx Brothers scene was not the only one where Herr Hartmann as Danton did a Robert Mantell. He had a scene alone with his wife in which, according to the program, he was indulging in "a nocturne of

dreams, visions, assurances." Until we looked at the program we got the idea that he was wrestling with himself, like William Kent in "Funny Face." We must admit, however, that in his big scene before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he made up for everything, for the situation called for just what he had to give—and maybe he didn't give it! Boy!



BUT every now and again a man in black came on the stage and stood very still. And when he spoke the theatre became hushed, the Continental tradition was forgotten, and the necessity for *Feuerwerke* was shown to be spurious, for his quiet voice and easy manner were electric and, speaking or silent, he dominated the stage when he was on. It was Arnold Korff in the rôle of *St. Just*, and we have an idea that, at rehearsals, the Herr Direktor must have warned him that, if he persisted in this namby-pamby method of acting, he would have to go out with the road company. Or, if we are doing Dr. Reinhardt an injustice and Herr Korff's performance was the result of direction, then all we can say is that Reinhardt has hit on a great idea there and ought to follow it up. Pretty soon then *all* his actors will be talking like human beings.



ALL of this is, of course, beside the point, which is that "Dantons Tod" was a thrilling and incomparable thing while the mobs were at work, and thrilling and incomparable things don't come to this town very often.



INCIDENTALLY, the author of "Dantons Tod" was Georg Büchner, and we understand that more of his works are to be published in this country shortly. By next year he may become a vogue. And if you will go to your safe-deposit box and fish out your back numbers of this page, you will find that along in July, 1925, in our Munich letter, we pleaded with some forward-looking organization in America to try Büchner's "Woyzeck," a play which, although written almost a century ago, made our modern psycho-analytical drama look like "The Two Orphans." We even brought a copy of it back and gave it to the people at the Provincetown Playhouse to read. They not only didn't produce it, but they didn't return our copy.

Robert Benchley.



OLD GENTLEMAN: My wife told me to get a magazine and I can't for the life of me remember what it was.

NEWS-DEALER: It was probably *Hot Confessions*, boss. The women-folk just eat that stuff up.

The Street of Dreams

BROADWAY, THE STREET where there's a broken heart for every light and where new incandescents are constantly being installed for an increasing army of advertisers.

Where new words are coined every day and few can spell them.

Where hams salute the stars and the stars thank theirs.

Where wise guys poke fun at the hicks but forget the hicks have more where the original bank-roll came from.

Where the dramatic critics applaud a flop and feel blue over a hit.

Where there's a sucker to every foot of ground and the overcrowding is terrible.

Where the covert charge blooms and the bank-roll withers.

Where a man's word is as good as his bond and if you insist on the bond you find out exactly.

Where a friend in need is a friend in debt.

Where one half the world doesn't know how the other half borrows.

Where every one dreams of a home in the country—for the other fellow.

Where a scandal is a lucky break because it gets the name of the actor and the show in the papers.

Where every one has an axe to grind and uses the other fellow on whom to sharpen his wits.

This, my friends, is Broadway. That is, the Broadway the out-of-towner hopes it is. And he's right.

Nat N. Dorfman.



"Yeah, poor Peggy hadda quit the stage an' get married—she had fallen arches."

FROM what we saw in restaurants on the evening of December 31, our flappers have started the Nude Year right.

Letters from Heywood Brown

DEAR EDITOR:

Whenever any foreigner lands here and gets to talking about American literature he mentions Upton Sinclair. And if it wasn't for the ship news men we wouldn't hear very often about this writer because he doesn't get much of a break on the book pages. The visiting celebrity always puts Sinclair in the first flight of our native authors. And so it seems a little tough that he has been neglected. You understand I'm not the first one to point this out. The fact that he has been somewhat overlooked at home is not altogether a secret. At least not to Upton Sinclair. This is his favorite subject and to him the explanation is very simple. Capitalism is the reason. It's all in his new book, "Money Writes!" published by A. & C. Boni.

UPTON'S theory would be more acceptable if he did not lay such a wealth of evils upon competitive industry. Liquor, dirty stories and Mr. Mencken's articles are all cited as products of the capitalistic system. In the case of Mencken we are told that gentlemen of wealth "are moved to put up money for him, so that he may 'select' writers who defend the American saloon, and eliminate writers who point out the destructive effects of alcohol upon genius."

To be sure, Mencken is not rated among the completely damned. When industrial brotherhood arrives Upton Sinclair intends to give the *Mercury* man a guest card. "I am going to be his guide and mentor through these trying times, and he will learn, even while he fusses, and scolds and insists that he won't." Indeed, Mencken is listed among the

friends of Sinclair, which is a handicap rather than otherwise, for many of his most bitter comments and all his most indiscreet revelations in "Money Writes!" concern those authors whom he knows.

Sinclair boasts that he himself is wholly devoid of tact and I will agree that it is not a particularly

he could not prove and some which seemed highly improbable.

Also, it seems to me that Sinclair lacks come-hither in his call for a new social order, since the perfect state which he suggests in his books is bleak as any circuit rider's heaven. The Uptonian Utopia will be a place of nuts and lettuce, fasting and hard work, relieved only by a little tennis.

JUST the same, he is enormously valuable and one of the most fascinating of living writers. His style is a little worse than Theodore Dreiser's and, like Dreiser, he possesses the quality of moral earnestness. Far above Dreiser, Sinclair is animated by a social consciousness and a sensitivity toward human suffering. He lacks nothing to be truly great save grace, imagination, humor and rationality. In a curiously special way he also lacks kindliness. While it is true that he hates to see people suffer, he also does not like it much if they have a good time. "Alcoholism," "decadence" and "parasitism" Sinclair employs freely regarding a good many activities which seem to me the proper portion of any happy man's Saturday. It is ironical that several of his books should

have suffered at the hands of the censors, for there is no more rigid moralist now setting words on paper. If Sinclair ever mentions vice it is to slay it, and the deepest hell of condemnation is reserved for Cabell and Van Vechten because they speak kindly of carnality.

AND so I would much rather have Sinclair do novels. I think his taste is terrible. That is, about the stuff written by other men. (Please turn to page 29)

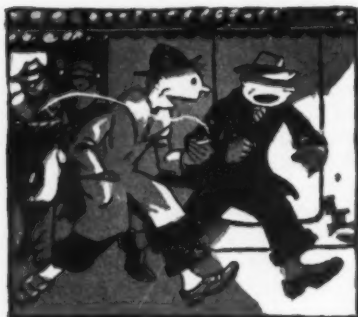


JUDGE (to girl prisoner): Are you innocent?
GIRL PRISONER: Oh, no, Judge. I've seen every show in town.

useful commodity in the equipment of a reformer. But I could wish for him more balance, humor and proportion. He argues many excellent causes and sometimes mars them by continuing to heave snowballs after the snow has melted. And he isn't above slipping in a few rocks. "The Brass Check," for instance, contained much vital and convincing evidence of corruption and timidity in the American press, but a superb case was weakened because Upton included a number of charges which

That Schoolboy Complexion

AS soon as he was done shaving he felt his face with a critical hand. To his glowing surprise, he found his skin appealingly soft to the touch. It had a luxuri-



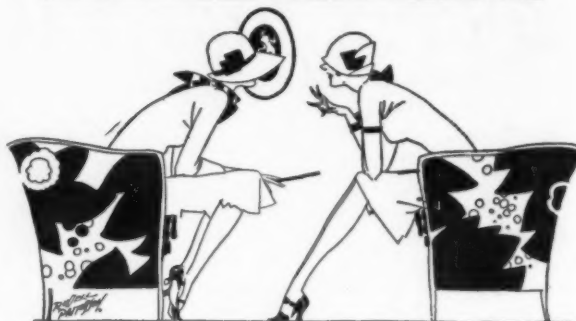
"Well, that was a good, clean show."
"Yes, I thought it was a dud, too."

ant smoothness of texture that had been unanticipated. Its velvety evenness tingled exhilaratingly at his caress. The shaving-cream advertisement had not made untrue pretensions. Not even the stub of one hair rasped the expectant surface of his palm. The razor blade was as guaranteed.

At the sound of a heavy step he started guiltily. The door opened, and an exasperated voice cried: "I told you before, you young rascal, that I'd give you a whipping if I caught you using my shaving materials again. Now, then, come with me and bring the razor strop with you."

Harry Epstein.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm all-of-a-BIB-and-TUCKer at this point—I ACTually AM, because I feel TERRibly consciEntious-stricken, sort of, about Tom DRIBble, my dear, because did you HEAR about the MAD RUSH he's giving that odd SABra SYMington, my dear? Simply EV'rybody is TALKing about it and I HONestly feel TERRibly GUILTY, sort of, because in a WAY, my dear, I feel sort of reSPONSible because, you see, last WEEK Tom proposed to me for about the FORTY-leventh TIME and I simply TOLD him that I simply FELT just the SAME as I always HAD felt about him, do you know what I mean? Well, my dear, he acted AWfully sort of SUNK about it and said I meant MORE to him than anything in the WORLD, my dear, and I said I was TERRibly SORry and I hoped he didn't think I'd ever enCOURaged him to fall in love with me or anything because I said I'd feel simply AWful about it if he thought I'd enCOURaged him but he said of COURSE I hadn't and he guessed he was no GOOD and it didn't matter what HAPPened to him, ANYways. ACTually, my dear, I was all-of-a-DOodah because I was SIMPLY TERRified he'd DASH forth and commit Suicide but I mean the NEXT thing I HEARD, my dear, was that this SABra SYMington had got HOLD of him and I think it's SIMPLY FOUL, my dear, because a boy who is as DESp'rate as TOM was the other NIGHT REALLY isn't reSPONSible and of COURSE that's the WHOLE reason why he's RUSHing SABra, my dear, because I think she's exACTly the TYPE who'd be unSCRUP'lous enough to take adVANTage of a boy who was MADly in love with some OTHER girl, my dear—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Real Understanding

"I HAVE a lot of sympathy for the woman who is often tempted."

"My sympathy is all for the woman who isn't."

MOTORIST: The new Ford is twice as good as the old one.

HUMORIST: Yes, and, hang it all, not half as funny!



New Three-Minute, Centrifugal, Self-Emptying Pay Telephone Booths.



The Influence of the Crook Drama Upon Two Members of the Clothing Business

"HELLO, keed. Deed dot baby show opp?"

"Vot baby?"

"Dot hod-boiled heck from Peetsburg. He vas sapped to lay some jeck on our fency models—soiges."

"No. I spotted heem fa a balogne. I vas t'inking he wouldn't show opp. He's a phony."

"Dot's too bad. He looked like he vas good fa a grend."

"A grend? Say, dot heck ain't even got a yard. He vas a beeg-time Charlie."

"No use gabbin'. Vare's Bella? I vant she should take some deccation."

"Dot dizzy brutt hasn't come een yat."

"Vot's de trouble vit dat dame? She t'inks maybe dis is a spikizy?"

"Seence she became engaged to dot deeck she's not de same moll."

"Our Bella ees engaged? Say, vot ees dees, epplesauce?"

"Epplesauce me eye. Deedn't you see de creaked hicc he gave her?"

"Bella veers creaked hicc? Say,

dot leetle dame might be a clessy mama yet."

"You sad a mout'ful. Vell, it looks like ve're stock vit dem fency garments."

"Dees ees a helluva bizzness. I'd like to sock de hold man fa breenging me opp in dees bizzness."

"Keep your noodle. De only way to make some kale dese days ees to peck a rod and do a steeck-opp."

"Say, don't hopen yur trep, beembo. Vit so meny bools even dot bizzness ees on de fretz."

"Mex Plotkin from de Ess and Kay Clothing Stur hendles hootch on de side and he's cleening hopp like nobody's bizzness."

"Say, dot butlacking ees a reesky game. So Mex Plotkin ees also a goreela?"

"I sad to Mex, I sad, 'Leesen, Mex,' I sad, 'some bonch hi-jackass veel holt opp yur truck from hootch and veel bomp you hoff, beeg as you har. Dis ain't no recket fa you.'"

"Vell, you know how Mex Plotkin ees. Always cetching to go. Always choong de reck."

"Leesen, Sem. Here comes a customer. Don't forget to palm off de soiges."

"Blow, veel you?"

"I got you, keed. I'm takeenkd e hair."

Arthur Kober.

ANY business executive will tell you that speeches on company loyalty always go over best on pay days.



The Trophy Room

"Killed 'em on my last trip to Canada."

Interview

"NOW, my dear sir, will you have the kindness to tell me how long you worked in your last situation?... Thank you. What was the name of the firm, please?... Thank you. I'm afraid, however, the salary you demand is just a trifle higher than it's been our custom to pay. But you may rest assured, my dear young man, that it will be increased as soon as you demonstrate an industrious interest in your duties. Have you the slightest objection to being placed behind the ribbon counter? I'd advise you to think the offer over.... Thank you. Then I'll be greatly indebted to you if you'll be so obliging as to present this card to the floor manager. You are sure you don't mind? My utmost thanks. And before you go. Remember that's the way you're to speak to customers of the store. Now get the hell out of my office and don't forget you're fired if you come to work two minutes late."

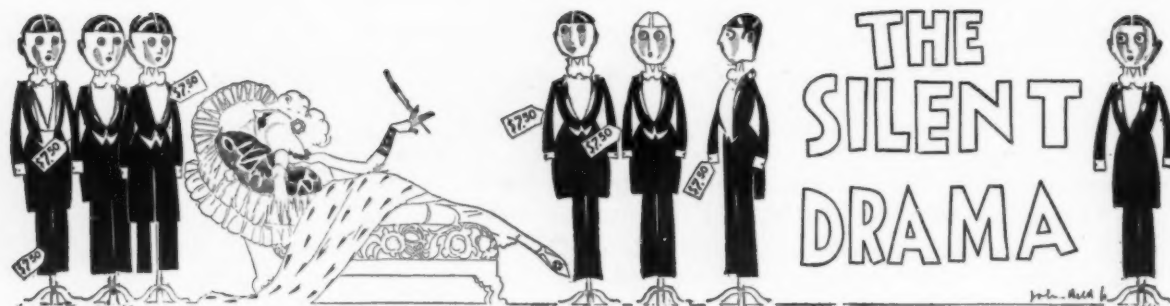
Harry Epstein.

Companionate Mother Goose

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife but didn't keep her;
For she with Pa and Ma did dwell,
Which suited Peter very well.



"Oh, Lord! It's gonna be a formal party! We'll have to wear stockings!"



"Man, Woman and Sin"

IF "Man, Woman and Sin" were a hammer picture than it is, it would probably be able to carry such a burdensome title. But those ponderous words—MAN, WOMAN and SIN—are too much for this unpretentious story and it staggers under its load.

It tells of a poor boy in Washington, D. C., who gets a job in a newspaper shipping department, is elevated to a reportorial post, becomes entangled with a blonde and beautiful Society editor and finally lands on the front page and in jail.

"Man, Woman and Sin" was capably directed (also written) by Monta Bell, who is an old newspaper man himself. He has made some fine and authentic pictures of life in the composing, press and city rooms, and has even gone so far as to show newspaper reporters who do not scribble notes on their cuffs.

JOHAN GILBERT is the guileless, bewildered youth—a distinct departure from his usual style and an effective one. Jeanne Eagels, as the predatory Society editor, is excellent when she has the chance to cut loose, but obviously ill at ease and inclined to blink in her quieter moments.

ONCE a scenario writer told me that there was one title that would fit all the photoplays ever produced. It was "Her Sacrifice."

He can add to that another one—namely, "Man, Woman and Sin."

"Get Your Man"

WHEN Dorothy Arzner was engaged as a director by Paramount, it was announced that she would fill a long-felt need by making pictures that would appeal directly to women, in contrast with the exclusively masculine efforts of Cecil B. De Mille, George Fitzmaurice, Robert Z. Leonard and others.

I have seen several of Miss Arzner's pictures, and all of them consist principally of views of well-formed young ladies in a state as near to nudity as General Will H. Hays will allow. This would indicate that although Miss Arzner is undoubtedly doing the right thing by the feminist movement, she isn't forgetting that now and then a few of the boys straggle into film parlors, too.

"Get Your Man" was directed by Dorothy Arzner, and Clara Bow is its star. Supplied with that much information, you can come pretty close to guessing just what happens.

Miss Bow finds herself locked up

overnight with young Charles Rogers. She also takes off most of her clothes, and frolics about.

"Get Your Man" isn't quite so terrible as it sounds, nor is it so good.

"The Girl from Chicago"

A HIGH-BRED daughter of the Old South learns that her brother has been convicted of murder, so she promptly sheds her respectability, assumes an alias, involves herself with the crooks who are guilty of the crime—and gets what is technically known as "the dirt" on them.

Such is the plot of "The Girl from Chicago." Myrna Loy is the girl, and she is much more convincing when traveling under the alias than when she appears in the dignified halls of her ancestral home. Conrad Nagel does well as a friendly detective and William Russell is splendid as the chief crook.

Incidentally, the story of "The Girl from Chicago" has been done before—notably in a picture called, I think, "After Midnight"; Betty Compson was in it. It is still good melodramatic material, aided at the finish by an "Underworld" machine-gun battle.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Love. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert up to their old tricks in a dilution of "Anna Karenina."

The Spotlight. All about a humble girl who assumes an exotic personality and makes good on the stage, with Esther Ralston.

The Gaucho. Douglas Fairbanks is his usual self in this one, but he has encumbered his story with elements of dreaminess that slow up the action to a lamentable extent.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. A real Negro as Uncle Tom and real ice as the ice—but otherwise this is just a good screen version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

My Best Girl. Mary Pickford as a five-and-ten shopgirl who finds romance in spite of everything. A nice and frequently funny picture.

Sorrell and Son. The story of a returned soldier who sacrificed his life on the battlefields of peace, directed in the best of taste by Herbert Brenon.

The College Widow. Dolores Costello saves the day for dear old Insert-name-of.

Two Arabian Knights. A really rousing comedy about two droll doughboys who escaped from a German prison camp and ended up in Arabia. Louis Wolheim and William Boyd are both fine.

The Magic Flame. Ronald Colman as a clown and Vilma Banky as a circus princess in a Ruritania routine.

The Angel of Broadway. It is supposed to inspire tears, but it actually inspires smirks—except in one big scene.

Quality Street. Marion Davies in a mild one.

Jesse James. Fred Thomson as the evangelistic bandit whose actions were open to misinterpretation but whose motives were always pure.

The High School Hero, The Student Prince, Sunrise, The Patent Leather Kid, Wings and The Garden of Allah. All these are good.



GENERAL MOTORS

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The Automobile Shows of 1928 will emphasize more forcefully than ever the fact that those cars which lead their fields in beauty and in value are equipped with Body by Fisher. Look for the monogram plate "Body by Fisher", not alone because it is the symbol of a better body—but also because it is the unfailing sign of a better automobile



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Honeymoon

"HADN'T WE BETTER TAKE IN MORE OF THE SIGHTS, DARLING?"

"OH, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? EVERYTHING'S IN BAEDEKER ANYWAY."

—Der Götz (Vienna).

A New Angle

FOR once the brilliant Lambert Pharmacal Company's ad-writer is one jump behind the times. As yet we have not seen the slogan: "Often a Bridesmaid, but Never a Companionate Bride."

—Chicago Evening Post.

The Decadence of Crime

GIRL (reading newspaper): Oh, Grandpapa, isn't this murder case thrilling?

GRANDPAPA: Ah, my dear, murders are not what they used to be in my young days.—Punch.

It's a poor mule that won't work both ways.—Louisville Times.



Condolences

"EVERY ONE SHARES IN OUR GRIEF."

"WITH DISCRETION...THEY'RE CAREFUL TO LEAVE PLENTY FOR US."

—Le Journal (Paris).

In the Vernacular

SYDNEY SHIELDS, well-known actress, has an old Negro mammy from the South in her employ. The other day, a colored man appeared at the door seeking work. The woman met him and the following was the conversation between the two:

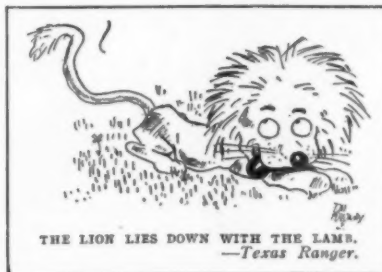
"I don't reckon you-all knows of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin', does you?"

"Yes, indeed, I doesn't."

—New York Eve. World.

SIMILE: As often as a middle-aged editor feels like resigning.

—Ohio State Journal.



One Car Was Enough

Bobby had just finished a big day. It was his ninth birthday and among the gifts was a nice, new, crisp ten-dollar bill.

Uncle Fred, who was fond of his little joke, said: "Well, Bobby, I suppose you are going to buy a nice, new, shiny automobile with that money."

"No, sir! I am going to give it to Dad so as to help him pay the next installment on his!"

—Forbes.

The Groove

"I've suddenly realized that I am getting old."

"You don't look it."

"I am. When I was young I longed for things to happen—now I hope that they won't!"

—London Evening News.

It's pretty hard to misquote George Bernard Shaw. If it isn't what he said it never sounds like him.—Detroit News.



Persuasive Salesman: AND I GUARANTEE HE'LL GET TEN YEARS' WEAR OUT OF THEM!

—Le Rire (Paris).

Blessing for a Doll House

DEFEND this house, ye planets in your courses,

From all the playroom's young destructive forces!

Preserve its couches, tables, chairs and dishes

And keep it everything a dolly wishes.

—Arthur Guiterman, in Ladies' Home Journal.

PAUL POIRET's attack upon the American knee has had no visible effect. At any rate, there was no rush of shorts to cover.—New Yorker.



Hero (in "fit-up" company touring tense "crook" play): HARK! FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING! IT IS HAWK-NOSED SILAS AND HIS GANG. NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT. Voice from the "Gods": THANK 'EAVEN, YOU'RE GOING TO START AT LAST!

—London Opinion.

A Final Offer

It was a meeting of Abe's creditors.

"There, gentlemen, are my assets and liabilities," said Abe, "and the very best I can do, gentlemen, is ten cents on the dollar."

So the creditors looked over the situation and reported back that they felt forty cents on the dollar would settle the matter. Abe took time out, and then he compromised.

"Gentlemen, I offer you ten cents and you say forty. Now, gentlemen, I make you a final offer of twenty-five cents, but honest, gentlemen, I'm losing money on it."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Contemporary Literature

PUBLISHER: Have you finished the book which tears down the reputation of George Washington?

PEN PUSHER: Yeah.

PUBLISHER: All right; start in on one making a hero out of Jesse James.

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

MOTTO of the one-hundred-per-cent Alabama Ku Kluxer: "One country, one language, one flog."

—*Chicago Daily News*.



"WRINGING THE CHANGES."

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

STRICT watch should be kept to see that no one has a crayon enlargement made of a radio photograph.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Tryout

In the recently published life-story of Pavlova, there is a most amusing anecdote of the great dancer's arrival in England for the first time. She was already well known on the Continent when she went to interview a London agent.

"Well, miss," said the agent, "what do you do?"

"I am Anna Pavlova," explained the great artist simply.

"That means nothing in my life. What do you do? Act? Sing? Dance?"

"I dance," said Madame Pavlova.

"All right," said the agent; "drop in to-morrow and bring your tights with you."—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

His Occupation Gone

"Who was Bacchus?"

"The god of wine, silly."

"What's he god of now, stupid?"

—*Washington Columns*.

THE Perfect Alibi—"A woman was driving the other car."

—*College Humor*.

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The course may be completed in four months; it is under the direction of Mr. Austin H. Fittz, Head of Finance at the Babson Institute of Babson Park, Massachusetts; and a diploma will be given at the close to those completing the required work. Combined with the course will be special recreational features consisting of golf, tennis, boating, swimming and riding.

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Saved 30¢ in a single week

ON SATURDAY nights, she used to go to the movies. . . . She courted the dark; it hid those HA-HA hands!

THEN, one day, she learned there was a cure for HA-HA'S (chapped skin)—that dread disease that roughens, coarsens, reddens the epidermis—

AND now, Saturday night is "old home night". She sits in the blazing lights of the front parlor and glories in her white and lovely hands.

* * *

EVERY lover of the dictionary must know that HA-HA'S means an invisible ditch. And so you see, when your skin is chapped, it is full of HA-HA'S . . . tiny ditches, invisible fissures, furrows, gaps. Painful, unsightly, dangerous.

HA-HA'S (chapped skin) can be cured, of course. The cure is *Frostilla*!

THIS delightfully fragrant lotion banishes HA-HA'S with the speed of a galloping breeze. Knead it gently into the skin and watch that sapless, corrugated, arid, desiccated surface become as smoothly supple-soft as a robin's breast. There's no after stickiness to *Frostilla*. It vanishes like a cooling mist. Its action is unfailing.

FROSTILLA comes in the bountiful new dollar bottle—and there's a smaller size at 50c. At druggists tried and true, and all good toilet counters.

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York, U.S.A.

Broadway

(Continued from page 11)

United Cigar Store. . . . Say, if they prohibited smoking where would we find telephone booths? . . . The Palace across the street. . . . It used to be the dream of all vaudevillians to play there. . . . Now if the movie houses don't get them, they're there. . . .

*"And there's a crowd there lauding you and applauding you
When you're on top;
Same crowd hissing you and dismissing you
If you should flop. . . ."*

The photomatic. . . . You take your own picture. . . . Eight for a quarter. . . . They're all ready to take home in five minutes. . . . Say, isn't this a wonderful age? . . . Let's get to-morrow's paper and see what has happened to-morrow. . . . This age sure is great. . . .

*"But those who fail must learn to say,
'To-morrow is another day! . . .'"*

Here we are at Fifty-second Street. . . . Just ten blocks. . . . It's dull from here up. . . . Broadway's a small place, isn't it? . . . Just ten blocks. . . .

*"That's Broadway, Broadway,
The Heart of the World. . . ."*
Sidney Skolsky.

Sob, Sister, Sob!

(With Apologies to No One, Not Even Tennyson)

AMID the strife and woe of life,
'Neath shadows dark and tragic,
She plies the pen that racks strong men

With grief and poignant magic.
Sob, sister, sob; set the wild ink-drops flying;
Sob, sister; answer, presses, crying,
crying, crying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how strong and clear,

In accents loud and gory,
The city ed cries, "Six found dead!
Go get a good sob-story!"

Weep, sister, weep; set the fleet type-bars throbbing;
Wail, printers; answer, presses, sobbing, sobbing, sobbing.

So may she drench Page One and wrench

Our hearts with death and murder;
Her sorrows roll from soul to soul,
What reader has not heard her?

Sob, sister, sob; set the red headlines flying;
Moan, presses; answer, echoes, crying, sighing, dying.

George Sanford Holmes.



FOR COLDS
BAYER
ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. When ever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

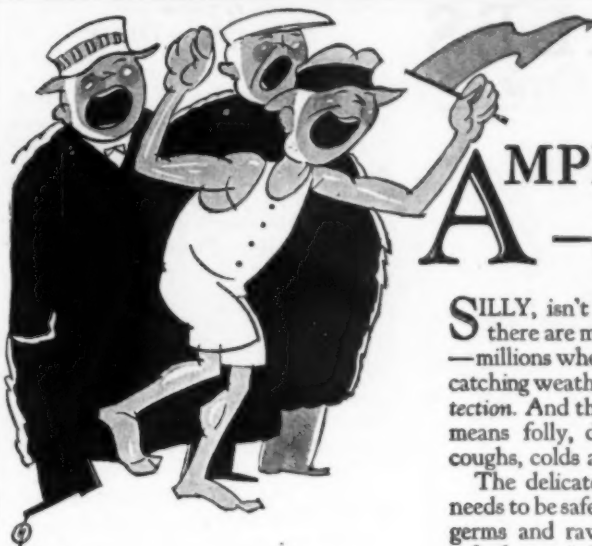
Letters from Heywood Broun

(Continued from page 21)

His own books are too long but if you try to cut one down you'll have a lot of trouble. His paragraphs go along like circus elephants, each taking tight hold of the fellow in front of him. But he can be just as wrong about men and women as about books when he is playing critic. There is, for instance, a chapter on Amy Lowell which seems to me hideously unfair and cruel. I would not stay Sinclair's hand because the poet is dead. Living writers writhe more under harsh words, but I think that literary criticism ought not to be too much concerned with the physical infirmities or misfortunes of any writer. Not for a hundred years or so anyway. When Sinclair says that Amy Lowell was devoid of talent and simply bought her way into magazines, he is talking nonsense.

I THINK she was a great poet and I could be wrong. I see no possibility of debate upon the proposition that she was a great person. After all, Upton Sinclair goes as far afield as to mention the fact that her brother served on the committee which refused to recommend clemency or pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti. Since Amy Lowell had died long before this event it is hard to see in just what way it influenced her writing. Much is made, too, of the circumstance that Miss Lowell had a big house in Brookline and asked people around to dinner. Where does this notion come from that a good meal is a persuasive bribe? Mayor Thompson pulled that on some of the historians he abhors and his proof of their depravity was the assertion that they had been asked out to dinner while visiting in England. I might as well admit that once a man did take me to Amy Lowell's and that I had roast mutton and a cocktail. Later there was conversation and she asked me what performance by any actor struck me as the best I had ever seen. I said that my choice would be John Barrymore in "Hamlet." To which she replied that Barrymore's Hamlet, far from being good, was very bad indeed. This

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EVERY week!**



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SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



scared me out of continuing the discussion. But I was an editor of a book page at the time and after reading "Money Writes!" I wondered whether all the other critics had been chained to her chariot wheel by precisely the same sort of flattery.

ANOTHER of Sinclair's fiercest blasts is aimed at Van Wyck Brooks. He quotes the critic as saying that hatred of oppressors tends to place you more at the oppressors' mercy. To Upton Sinclair this seems cryptic. I would like to restate the proposition. Sympathy for the underdog does not and should not commit you to lasting enmity against the one on top. Most revolutionary propaganda is based on the theory that peace on earth can be achieved by a switch in which the oppressed get a chance to repay the oppressors in blood and torment. I'm not for that. If the underdog by a sudden leap achieves a punishing hold, then some of us are going to find it necessary to readjust our sympathies and change dogs again. I don't see why there might not be some cosmic kennel in which proletarian dogs and bourgeois dogs could get along in comfort by following the simple expedient of not biting each other.

Sincerely yours,

HEYWOOD BROUN.

AMPHIGORY —that's what

SILLY, isn't he? Positively! But there are millions rather like him—millions who go about in this cold-catching weather without enough protection. And their amphigory (which means folly, dear reader) leads to coughs, colds and sore throats.

The delicate lining of the throat needs to be safe-guarded against dust, germs and raw winds. Follow the safe, long-tried method—use Smith Brothers Cough Drops.

They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed—protected.



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Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg. New York

After sheathing his diamond-studded dirk and restoring the dashing damsel to her parent, he made this one—



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COCKTAIL

TAKE one cup of Welch's Grape Juice. Six tablespoons of Martini & Rossi non alcoholic Vermouth (Italian or Extra Dry). Half a cup of water. Two tablespoons of sugar, the juice of one large orange. Dissolve the sugar in water. Cut three thin slices of the orange for the garnishing of the glasses. The rest of the orange squeeze and strain into the water and sugar. Add the Vermouth and Grape Juice. Mix it but do not shake. Put it on the ice for about one hour to get very cold. Pour out into the glasses that have been garnished with the orange slices. A cocktail of snap and enticing flavor. More Vermouth can be added according to taste.

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MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

listen to Florence Kimball sing, which she did with much grace and beauty, and Sam so rejoiced to see Madame Sembrich sitting near us, that he could scarce take his eyes off her. To Florence's afterwards, finding there Ben Powell, back from his long stay in Europe, who does play the piano by himself better than Ohman and Arden put together, and who does differ from Josef Hofmann only in kind and not in degree, and he did sing "Down in the Lehigh Valley" by my special request, to the great delight of the company.

December 13th Marge Boothby in before I had risen, eating up all my marmalade, and be-

seecching me to accompany her to the shops to buy raiment, a curious thing to do at this season, but Marge says that her wardrobe has not been replenished for so long that she feels as if she were dressing in period costume, so I did yield, withstanding temptation nobly as the various models were paraded before us, and the time which I did cast on the waters of Marge's vanity was restored to me tenfold for that she did order sent to me the loveliest pink negligee that ever I saw in my life, nor did my feeble protests against such generosity avail me aught, to my secret satisfaction. Then to luncheon at an inn, where I did order Oyster Bay asparagus, to Marge's astonishment, but, truth to tell, I had almost liefer eat it than fresh, in especial with a proper Hollandaise sauce. Indeed, there are certain things in tins which I hold superior to the original products, so that my husband, poor wretch, does at times liken me to Dr. Johnson, whose early poverty so accustomed him to inferior viands that all his life he preferred butter gone slightly rancid and game that was a little off. To a motion picture afterwards, longing, during the presentation of the feature film, for a program made up entirely of news reels, and then home, all agog to try the new game of patience which Marty Wing did teach me, reflecting that every one's pet game of patience is the one with which Napoleon or J. P. Morgan or some such whiled away tedious hours.

Baird Leonard.

In the Toils

FROM a provincial daily: "Six months ago he was apprehended on charges of fraud."

Jolly good job! I hate psychoanalysts.—London Daily Chronicle.

WHITE TEETH have nothing to do



Ignoring the whitest, cleanest teeth, Pyorrhea wages war against health. It attacks the gums, and, unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger surrender to this dread disease.

But you needn't fear these odds. Just be careful in your selection of a dentifrice. Use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night.

This dentifrice cleans teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay. And in addition, if used in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound and healthy. Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums. Get a tube from your druggist, 35c and 60c

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



AUTOMATIC CONCERTINA
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Played with Interchangeable Rolls

Without any faint idea of music or notes, without any song, dances, fox trots, one steps, operas, marches, etc. Nobody can see the mechanical arrangement, everybody must think you are an artist. Wonderful tone, playing complete with all bass and accompaniments. Music is wanted and welcomed everywhere. Biggest assortment of Rolls, latest lifts. Three models. For Home, Concerts, Paid Entertainers. \$30.00, \$45.00 and \$60.00 and free music rolls. Descriptive circular No. K, mailed free. TREASURE SALES COMPANY, 1690 Boston Road, New York, N. Y.

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Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

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Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

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Fat Went in this Easy Way



Ask Slender Folks to Tell You

For 20 years, slender women have been telling others the easy, pleasant way to reduce. It is the right way, based on a modern discovery made by able scientific men. It has proved so efficient that for two decades it has held the top place in this field. Now you can see the results wherever you look. Slender figures are the usual, fat is the exception.

That right way is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. It is a substance employed in the body to regulate nutrition. Its purpose is to turn food into fuel and energy, rather than into fat.

There are no secrets about it. The formula appears in every box, also the reasons for results. Thus users know just why it acts, and they have no fear of harm. The use requires no abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. People simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal in a natural way.

Consider what Marmola has done for so many and so long. See what it has done in your own circle, because one user tells others. Now learn what it means to you. Watch the new beauty that it brings, the new vitality and health. You owe that to yourself. Order it now—before you forget it. Don't longer suffer an abnormal figure when so many have found a corrective.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

The All-America Travel Contest

(Continued from page 9)

2. Daniel Webster lived at 138 Summer Street in Boston, but it was Noah Webster who wrote the famous dictionary, not at Boston but mostly at Amherst, Mass., and New Haven, Conn.

3. Thompson (your sentence would have been better with an apostrophe and an "s" after his name) is Mayor of Chicago, not Boston; the man said to be mainly responsible for the banning of books—including "Elmer Gantry"—in Boston is Chief of Police Crowley. But

4. "Elmer Gantry" is by Sinclair Lewis, not Upton Sinclair, and

5. You couldn't be arrested for having it in your possession—even in Boston—unless you tried to sell it.

6. The dance is the Charleston but the town across the river from Boston (it's a part of the City of Boston now) is Charlestown, and Harvard is not there but at Cambridge, another town, or rather city, across the river.

7. Harvard didn't play Princeton at football this fall, and has not won from Princeton at football since 1923.

8. Fenway Park is the home of the Red Sox; the White Sox are from Chicago.

9. Those two Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti, were in the State Prison at Charlestown until they were executed; the fellow at the State House was Governor Fuller, and he wasn't sent to prison.

10. The Bunker Hill monument is also in Charlestown, but the place where the lanterns were hung out was the spire of the Old North Church, in Boston.

11. You should write Public Garden, not public Gardens, and

12. They don't grow the beans there; they grow tulips—and (on sunny days) children who ride in the swan boats on the pond.

Yours for more Boston Beans, grown in California.

FREDERICK L. ALLEN,
111 Old Army Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

The
CONDITIONS
of the
ALL-AMERICA
TRAVEL CONTEST
will be found on page 32

Pipe Smoker Lured By Aroma of Fellow Smoker's Tobacco

Many a man has flirted with the belle of a fancy dress ball, only to find, when the time came to unmask, that he had been attracted by his own wife. The same thing can happen in the case of a man's favorite smoking tobacco. In fact, it has. Read the following letter:

Boston, Mass.,
April 21, 1927.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

This morning I had a smoking adventure worth recording.

Next to me in the smoking car a gentleman was puffing his pipe contentedly. I was not smoking at the moment, and the aroma of his tobacco intrigued me exceedingly. For twelve years I had smoked Edgeworth without being tempted by any other brand, but the fragrance emanating from the pipe of the gentleman beside me was so agreeable that I could not resist the temptation to speak of it.

"That is wonderfully fragrant tobacco you have there," I remarked. "Would you mind telling me the name of it?"

"It is Edgeworth," he answered.

We then congratulated each other upon our mutual good taste, and I decided that I would continue to use his brand and mine.

Sincerely yours,
S. H.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:


Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station.]
Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.]



PICKWICK PALE and STOUT
The Tang of Good Old Ale

Get the solution out of Resolution by picking

It's the finest kind of a Safety First Campaign plus beverage satisfaction.

At the better Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants
Bottled only at the brewery of
HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston

KERMATH

Here is your ideal boat engine. Simple to operate—nothing to get out of order—surprisingly economical. Rugged construction—built of quality materials. Each Kermath is a beautiful clean cut piece of modern engineering. Thousands of satisfied users. If you want the last word in an up to date marine motor, get the facts about the famous Kermath. Write for catalog.



"A Kermath Always Runs"



3 to 150 H. P. \$135 to \$2300

KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
5870 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich.
90 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

CONDITIONS OF THE ALL-AMERICA TRAVEL CONTEST

THE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the seventh of which appears in this issue. (See page 9.) Subsequent letters will appear every week in LIFE up to the February 9th issue, when the twelfth and final letter will be published.

Kay Vernon's tour will cover most of the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters will include descriptions of the scenes and places she has visited. In these descriptions will be many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, telling her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes. It is important that each answer submitted must be marked with the corresponding number of Kay's letter. The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers to this Contest do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point.

Answers are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes.

All answers to this Contest must be addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE, 598 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's SEVENTH LETTER must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on Thursday, January 26th. Announcement of the winners will appear in the February 16th issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly and neatly, using one side of the paper only. Each sheet of manuscript must be marked with the contestant's name and address.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

The Head Waiter

HE strides like a czar through the dining-room's clatter—

He's Lord of the Larder, he's Prince of the Platter.

Adored by the ladies, he barks at his nervous Assistants who follow his Standards of Service.

Oh, kings may have castles
And thousands of vassals,
But hail to one greater—
The gorgeous Head Waiter!

When greeting this noble, one must be a friend to
Some person of note or he'll not condescend to
Acknowledge the presence of one who thus blunders—
Though five-dollar bills, magic workers of wonders,

When pressed on His Highness
Dispel all his shyness
And quickly he's able
To find one a table.

If I were a lad with my future before me
My course would be clear, and I know you'd encore me.
I'd not be a banker, a judge or physician;
No, I'd have a higher, a nobler ambition—

To be that resplendent,
Aloof, independent,
Transcendent Dictator—
The Haughty Head Waiter!

Arthur L. Lippmann.